

Kate Tempest Lyrics

"Perfect Coffee"

Now just two doors down
In the first floor flat
And the old ramshackle house
With the broken down porch and the novelty doorbell
The lights are still on
Zoe plays her music low, she's got a bottle on the go
Everything's in boxes
It's been a long night packing
Clothes in black bin bags, Blu-Tack greasing the paintwork
What the fuck is all this stuff?
There's the road sign stolen from Quick Shag Street
Shirts, and skirts, posters, CDs, comedy coasters, broken TV
Birthday card that her sister made
In the distant past when she turned 13
Hair stuff, books, love letters she can't bin
And outside, the night, and inside, the last hurrah
Limited edition Air Max 1 tens
Che Guevara bust, complete with his ornamental glass cigar
Naff for years, the landlord never fixed the shower
And the mold kept growing up the kitchen walls
He'll do it up nice now, sure
Repaint it, he's tripled the rent
He's gonna get it, and all
She's only got a few hours left to get the room all packed and clean
Zoe goes to the window
Looks to the street
Lights up a smoke
It's 04:18

The squats we used to party in
Are flats we can't afford
The dumps we did our dancing in
Have all been restored
Pints are up two quid
The staff are beautiful and bored
You think it's coming up 'round here?
It's falling on its sword

It don't feel like home no more
I don't speak the lingo
Since when was this a winery?
It used to be the bingo
I've walked these streets for all my life
They know me like no other
But the streets have changed
I no longer feel them shudder

Alright, alright, I get the gist
Whose city is this? It doesn't want me no more
I've had a glimpse into the future, it stinks
London's a walled fort, it's all for the rich
If you fall short, you fall, and you know where the door is
Board up the broken, do it up, sell it back
Make it bespoke, it's all out in the open
It's fine, man, hike the price right up
And smile with your friends in the posh new nightclubs
My streets have been dug up, repaved
New routes for commuters, the landscape has changed
I'm lookin' for the old tags, the graffs that once meant safe territory
But it seems every hieroglyph gets whitewashed eventually

And so I'm moving on
I've got it all to play for
I'll be the invader in some other neighbourhood
I'll be sipping perfect coffee
Thinkin', "This is pretty good,"
While the locals grit their teeth and hum
"Another fucking one has come."

All I see is luxury tenements, woebegone residents
Redolent resin-heads puffing on pleasure
Everyone's reckoning something is beckoning
There's never been anything, there's only forever
Towering tower blocks, scaffolding rattling
The tube is prattering ram full of passengers
Smashing its way into town, we are scavengers
Scrapping around in the sludge for our sustenance
Have a dash party life, rubbing our shoulders
Into the mould, yes, we do what we're told
We're Sisyphus pushing his boulder
The kids are alright, but the kids will get older